VOLUME XLVIII

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1902.

NUMBER 17

DID YOU?

DON'T YOU?

Why do you put it off? Don't put it off any longer.

WON'T YOU?

C. D. CAMPBELL

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Wool, Salt,

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CALCINED PLASTER

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It is infallible, is has never failed Sold by Druggists.

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blood, due to neglected they had heart trouble, because the heart over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries. It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys,

all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

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PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

EDITED BY MRS CAMPBELL.

Models for Foulard Gowns.

good purchase, and one that can is a foulard gown, which is one of the most useful gowns in any wardrobe. Not only can you find the newest and prettiest foulards now, but many of the smartest and most exclusive patterns

upper skirts so becoming, and are so loath to give up the graceful lines of the long, clinging skirts, that, for a gown to be worn where one is not spent fortunes at the milliner's. Of obliged to walk far, this will be, we course the wise knew all along that be simplest and most successful exposition of it is in the tight-fitting, pin-tucked top, with a shaped flounce attached in able mate among the fair galaxy of any of the innumerable pretty ways; ladies on the west end stage. One or the line of the flounce to be much lower in front than behind, giving

black and white figure, was pin-tucked by hand-the entire top lengthwisefront, pin-tucked around. This flounce was joined to the upper part by an inwas joined to the upper part by an in-sertion of ecru Cluny lace. The bodice was also tucked, and went plainly into the belt behind. In front it was left loose over a piaited front of yellow net, appliqued with yellow Cluny lace and small chiffon roses in faint yellow and pink. The edge of the little jacket in front was appliqued with panne in the exact shade of green of the silk stitched on. Sleeves, rather the silk stitched on. Sleeves, rather tight at the top of the foulard, broadening very much below the elbow, where they open on the outside to show a simulated undersleeve of net like in

satin foulard, made with a skirt of inknees in front and graduated towards the back until within fifteen inches of the belt, simply hemmed in a broad hem at the bottom. This gown had an Irish lace collar, round and broad, over the shoulders. The bodice went into the belt behind, but in front was rounded up like a bolero over an accordion-plaited chemisette. The edges of the bolero had a passementerie

front. Cuffs of the green panue stitch-

waist was a belt of passementeria, with hanging ends behind, on which were six little tassels, three on each side pointed over the hand where they join-ed the sleeve. The collar pointed only York knew him. chemisette. To go with this gown was a hat of brown Kobe straw, rather wide and flat. The under brim with wheel facings of silver hair braid edged with pale blue twist hair-ined cord, very small black satin centers. The crown of the hat was covered with light green frosted leaves, and it had soft resettes of blue louisine ribbon, one low on right side, another and larger one high on the left with a twist, coming from it under the leaves and tying behind to fall upon the hair. A plain gray foulard, with a box-plaited skirt stitched to below the knee, had a shaped piece pointed at the lower end of satin foulard of the same shade printed with pink flowers in faint was no need. The mayor came forward shades with a little green. These tabs were graduated lower in front than beende finished with a round ornament of steel and black, from which hung a steel and black tassel. The bottom of the skirt was simply hemmed. The bodice was made of tucked gray chiffor with a box-plaited bolero, rather short and square with the same arrangement then grasped about six inches from about the bot-tom, fastened with the same orna-ments, and tassels, sleeves plaited and tabbed in the same way, very wide and straight below the elbow with a

nd stitched on. The pointed full undersleeve of tucked gray chiffon and a tight unlined cuff of lace embroid-

ered with pink, pale green and a dull blue. The unlined collar matched the cuffs and there was a Charles II collar of lace embroidered in the same way. white crin in many layers, having the appearance of tucks, very flat and rather large, trimmed with a flounce of fine black Chantilly falling behind on the hair, soft rosettes of pink liberty satin and one exquisite pink rose with leaves, high on the left. Most of the gowns

All the simpler foulards lend themselves exceedingly well to the making of short gowns, for informal occasions, shopping, coming in town on trains, etc. They are strong, light, shed the dust and do not show dirt easily, and The Logan County Board of School Examiners will hold meetings for the examination of the teachers on the first Naturday of each month except January and July, in Educational Hall. Beliefontains, O., morning session 9 to 12, afternoon 1 to 4.

Questions in Theory will be based in part on School Laws, Questions in History on Spark's "Expansion of the American People" and those in Geography on Howe's "The Study of the Sky," and those in Reading on Bates" The Study of Literature and King Leas." Boxwell examinations will be held on the blaited samplay of March and April. and among the prettiest are the plaited skirts, side-plaited, box-plaited, and with a plain long yoke, with a side-plaited graduated flounce. All of which are well suited to foulards. A good little model for a runabout gown is made of dark blue foulard, that clear,

is made of dark blue foulard, that clear, becoming, serviceable dark blue, with irregular white dots and scrolls, made with a skirt in graduated tucks beginning at the top below a yoke of guipure lace and widening out to two inches where they are left loose to form the flounce, twelve inches from the bottoms; not that she was a society or the arrical beauty, a Venus to look upon the street of the services of the nigher. The bodice is a simple shirt made to blouse a little in front. The piece of guipure to match the yoke, and the shirt is finished without a belt so the shirt is finished without a cert so that the lace joins, which is very becoming. The shirt has a yoke let in a jour of the same lace, which makes also the collar and cuffs to the shirt it, and their acquaintance had ripened vanquished from the traying his incognito.

After having arrang

THE COURTSHIP OF VANDYKE drew in the oars. K. BROWN

markable thrill when Vandyke K. cannot be had at all.

Women have found the tight-fitting of an English bride. Aristocratic macrossing the "herring pond" in search spent fortunes at the milliner's. Of society or, if not, he might find a suit-

But Vandyke K. Brown did not carry ned for him. One day be calmly shaved off his mustache and beard and, asthe tucks, not more than an eighth of an inch, finished. To this was joined a shaped flounce higher behind than in England. Society on both sides of the Atlantic was disgusted at thus being given the slip and for the nonce felt ompletely baffled.

It was a bright June morning, and Richard Seymour, as he should now called, was seated in a first class rail way carriage at London Bridge station down to the quiet little watering place of Westbrook, where he contem had eluded capture by society and laughed at its futile efforts to thrust him into a fashionable marriage.

He was the only occupant of the carriage, but as the train was on the move the door was thrown open, and a man in a large brimmed felt hat jumped in. Seymour looked up as a porter banged the door with a crash as only porters can and then continued the study of his morning paper. Before he reached Westbrook h

a paragraph in the paper proved that taining his incognito after all, for it ced his intended visit to Westbrook. Now, this on the face of it was strange, because he had revealed his seeret to no one. Secondly, a careful exne above the other. The ends were amination of his fellow traveler's face about nine inches long. The sleeves about nine inches long. The sleeves to caused him to start, for the man because the back seam to show a plaited undersleeve, across this were three bands of passementerie, fastened with assels, making six on each sleeve began to wonder whether the paraonly with blue chiffon. The cuffs or to the other man, who so nearly re-

But on reaching Westbrook his doubts were at once set at rest. Stepping on to the platform, he was astonished to see the town band drawn up in a line preparing to enliven his ears with breezy music. Moreover, the mayor, in all his robes and parapherns of office, was walting with his council ors to receive some one, and the entire population of Westbrook, visitors in-cluded, seemed to have crowded into the road that ran parallel with the sta-

All this Seymour took in at a glance and then hesitated as to whether he should make a holt for it. But there and, passing him without so much as a look, went straight up to Seymour's fellow traveler, who was now struggling with a weighty portmanteau, and held

The other looked up, surprised, and then grasped the outstretched hand with decision.

"Good morning, Mr. - Whon have I the pleasure of addressing?" "Oh, my name's Martin. I happen to er-be the mayor of Westbrook."

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. xpect my visit to this town will be ery pleasant one. But I never anticipated such a reception. I must con less that I was in hope I should not be "ecognized."

"In that case I must ask your pardor for our intrusion. But we thought we should like to show our appreciation of your choosing Westbrook for a bollday," responded the urbane magnate meekly.

Just then the band struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes" - Seymour thought there wa: a distinct hu mor in the selection of the tune-and the twain moved off. Some outrageous mistake had been made accidentally or on purpose; but by whom? And who was the pseudo Vandyke K. Brown. He thought it would be better to let things remain as they were, for the present at any rate, although be resolved to keep his eye upon his im personator. "But for cool cheek that nan takes the biscuit, with the factory thrown in." be muttered.

And when he had ordered a porter t pile his unpretentious luggage on the top of a cab be turned away and indulged in a hearty laugh.

Seymour's object in coming to Engor anything of that sort. From what he could gather she was the only daughter of a country squire; pretty. but not beautiful, and be, being the re verse to quixotic by nature, soon real-

ed the red sun sink into the sea. "I think we understand each other well enough to speak without restraint. don't we?" he remarked casually as Le

"I suppose so," said Madge Wilmot slowly, lowering her head, for she felt the color creep to her cheek, although his back was toward her.

"In that case would it surprise you -adgre you?" His earnestness caused him to half turn in his seat. "No-that is, yes, it might." He laughed, "Well, Madge, it's true

anyway. I'm afraid I'm a silly fellow at making love, because I've had no experience in such matters. I can only ask you to believe me when I say that He threw his legs over the seat and faced her. She vouchsafed no reply,

but he knew his words had made an mpression, so he took her hand "I do believe you," she said at length,

"Why, Madge, you're crying!" and bravely looked him in the face. "You have made a confession to me and I in turn will make one to you," she said. "I loved you the first time

"Madge!"
"But listen. Father and mother liked you, too, until you told them that you were a traveler for a firm of-jam makers. Dick, cau't you change your ealling, because because I ask it?" For the first time that day Seymou felt nonplused. Haphazard he had styled himself a commercial traveler in order to make his incognito the more complete, and the result was unexpect-ed. At first he was balf inclined to tel' her everything, but before he came to decision she continued:

"It is difficult, I know. Perhaps ought not to have asked it. But, ob, Dick, I don't know how to tell you everything. He started and looked into her face

"You are hiding something," he said. Suddenly she covered her face with her bands and burst into tears. "Yes, I am. That wretched man Oh, that wretched man!" she sobbed. "Madge, dearest, whatever is

natter? What wretched man?" "Mr. Vandyke Brown." He turned as head away and with ing out laughing. But the gravity of the situation soon stifled his mirth.

down in the same carriage with him. What has he to do with you?" "Nothing; only he's been making love to me, that's all."

"What-the man they are making all

this fuss over in Westbrook? I came

the joke had been carried too far. "Tell me the facts of the case," he said The girl dried her eyes and looked

up with a smile. "I must first tell you that father knows Mr. Granville-Martin, the mayor of Westbrook."

"Fatheaded lunatic!" muttered Sevnour, referring to the official in ques-"And he recommended us to come

here for a holiday. Well, when we had been in the town about a week we heard that this Mr. Vandyke Brown had arrived here also, and soon after ward father received an invitation from Mr. Martin to meet blm at lunch in the town hall."

Seymour groaned. "Father is so awfully silly and thinks that because he's well known and has lots of money I ought to marry him. And he's come over from America to find a wife too. Just as if there weren't plenty of women in his own country good enough for him!"

"But you have met him?" "Yes; that's the unfortunate part of t all. He took a fancy to father, and when he came to our bouse he was very friendly to me-too friendly, in fact. And now that you've let that out about being a traveler father and mother are bent on my marrying him. tell you, Dick, Vandyke Brown's r he did this morning was to borrow money from father because he said he

had left his checkbook behind." "This is more than a joke," murmur Seymour. "I must find out what the fellow's up to. But, hang it all, if I betray myself there's an end to all peace until I've tied the knot with some one." Then, aloud, he added. "But how do you know he's in love

with you?" "Because he asked me to marry him and go back to America with him immediately. But you'll meet him yourself on Thursday evening when you come to dinner with us. Don't be rude to him, whatever you do, or it'll make our case more hopeless than ever."

"I wonder they asked me to meet a millionaire, knowing that I was only : traveler," said Seymour, ignoring her remark

"Well, it's like this-you were invited, and so was Vandyke Brown, before you said what you were. So now they couldn't withdraw the invitation to you." without being positively rude. But be careful, Dick, because they're trying at the criminal's beard, which came to part us by stealth."

Thursday evening, then, we will have some fun," rejoined Seymour sotto voce as he picked up the oars and on the other side of the table is the rowed furiously in the direction of the | real Mr. Vandyke Brown." Seymour scarcely knew how to act

toward his rival when he presented himself at the house the Wilmots had taken for the season at 7 o'clock on the following Thursday evening. At first Brown, from America, and, with your he had decided to telegraph to his Lon- permission, Wilmot, the lady opposite don banker to come down and prove me will shortly be my wife-that is, if his identity, but upon second thoughts she has a soul above-jam!" he resolved to try and drive his enemy | And even Mrs. Wilmot was eventual it, and their acquaintance had ripened vanquished from the field without be- ly bound to confess that she knew he

After having arranged his tollet be Penny Pictorial Mugazine.

and fell on the wavelets as they watch- adjourned to the drawing room, whither he found the pseudo Vandyke K. Brown and the mayor had already preceded him. Formal introductions followed, but Seymour played his game carefully, and it was not until the ment

was half over that he had much to say to the guest of the evening. The dessert had been placed on the table, and the servants had withdrawn. From time to time Mrs. Wilmot had very much if I told you that I love you given hints about her desire to see her daughter well married, and at the present moment a discussion was taking place between herast and the impostor as to the girl's curious ideas concern-

ing the matrimonial market. "I think you'll admit, Mr. Vandyke Brown," said the lady, with a touch of hauteur, "that Madge is good looking and ought to make a brilliant match We want her to have some soul above

hers, that's all. It's past and done with "I'm glad of that. There may be

some hope for me, then," he remarked n him, and, looking across the table at Madge, he noticed that her cheeks were on fire. His blood began to boil.

"It's very strange that you should have forgotten me so soon, Mr. Van-dyke Brown," he said pleasantly. The person spoken to looked up quickly and began to fidget with the tem of his wineglass. Mrs. Wilmot kewise pricked up her ears. As it spised commercial should boast ac uaintance with such a magnate as the

"I soon forget faces because I see so many in the course of the year. Might ask where I had the pleasure of meeting you?" asked the great man with condescension when he had re-

overed his equanimity. "We had three weeks' boating to ether just before you left New York.' Mrs. Wilmot's opinion of Seymour was going up by leaps and bounds. The impostor's spirits were, on the contrary, sinking to zero. He-stared hard at the interlocutor and doubtless saw his doom propounced in his eyes. for be paled visibly. However, be meant to fight hard to the end.

"How curious! I thought when you somewhere, but for the life of me couldn't remember when or where. have a fearfully bad memory, you

"Is that so? I was under the impres sion that you had a very good one, as con remembered me when we met in New York, although we had not seen ch other for seven years. The antagonists, unable to give vent to the anger that consumed them.

looked daggers at each other across the table without speaking. But he who had assumed the role of millionaire for some purpose as yet unknown to anybody but himself was well aware that Seymour was playing with him as a cat might with a mouse. Evurn the conversation had taken, sufered it to continue without interfer-

"And now that I have met you again, old boy, I'm going to book you for that \$100 you borrowed of me at the station efore I left, ha, ha!" added Seymour,

"Didn't I send you a check? Really ny memory is becoming terrible. You shall have it this moment." To hide his confusion he pulled a checkbook from ils pocket, together with a fountain en, and, opening the former, laid it flat on the table.

Then just as the strange individual threw a filled in check across the table and was sipping his wine a hurried knock came at the door. Before Wilmot could reply a domestic with a scared look burst into the room, followed by three police inspectors. The 'millionaire" was on his feet in an instant to face the intruders, and his hand on the back to the chair quivered. "What's the meaning of this extraor dinary conduct? What do you want? cad, and I hate him! The first thing demanded Wilmot, who had risen also and stood staring from one person to another. Meanwhile Mrs. Wilmot was

perilously near swooning. "I'm sorry to intrude, sir," said the foremost representative of the law, who displayed a paper suggestively in thing in a moment. Rogers and Har ris, arrest that man in the king's name," he added, pointing to the scoun drel who posed as Vandyke K. Brown "Now, sir. I am at your service. This

man is not the American millionaire but a forger who's been wanted by the 'Yard' for some months back. As you do not appear to be aware, sir, the real Mr. Brown arrived in this country in cognito, being clean shaved, and for a long time he was successful in hiding his identity. Taking advantage of this the man we have arrested and who is known as William Jeffreys thought to throw us off the scent by disguising himself and posing as the missing mil lionaire, with the result already knows

So saying the inspector made a grat away in his hand. "It's a very good disguise, sir, as you may see, but it didn't deceive the law. The gentleman

"How do you know that?" roared Seymour. "Can you deny it, sir?" asked the in spector.

"No, I cannot. I am Vandyke K

couldn't be a fam maker, after all .-

HOW OLIVES ARE CURED.

Difficult Process, Requiring Tis and Constant Care.

"It should be remembered," said the olive man, "that the constitution of an olive is as delicate as that of a tender child. From the time the crop is gath ered until it is finally packed in the bottles there is not a moment which is not fraught with the intensest anxiety on the part of all who handle the fruit. No other product requires such constant application of the old maxim of 'eternal vigilance' as olives.

"The ball begins with the gathering of the fruit. This is done in the late summer or early autumn, while the fruit is still green and hard and altogether unsavory on account of its intense bitterness. The olives are picked by hand to prevent scratching and bruising and then conveyed in carts or on pack muies to the curing establishment. Olive curing is a very delicat and intricate process, for which no fixed rules can be laid down. A course treatment that in one instance would prove successful might be absolutely rulnous in another. The busines of curing therefore calls for expert talent and is always intrusted to a professional who brings to his task his own skill and knowledge, supplemen ed by the experience of generations of

kinsfolk who were curers in that particular variety before him. "The first step in the process of curing is known as 'cooking.' When the fruit comes to the curing establish-ment, it is placed in large vats filled with a mixture of lime and water, in which it undergoes a kind of fermen tation. 'Cooking' is merely a technical name for this fermentation process.

When the fermentation has reache certain stage, a matter requiring anywhere from a few bours to a few days, the curer gives the signal to withdraw the plugs, and the liquid is run off. The olives are then thoroughly washed with fresh water until they are bright and clean and every trace of lime is renoved. If you were to taste them now, on would find that they had lost mos f their unpleasant bitterness.

"After washing the fruit is put in casks filled with brine and the casks exposed, bungs open, to the sun. This induces a second fermentation which takes place more or less rapidly, acording to the weather. However, as pain enjoys a fairly equable climate, a period of from three to four weeks genrally suffices. Throughout this secon rmentation the elives keep throwing if the brine, so that the casks must be aspected dally and kept filled with new brine of the required strength.

"Finally there comes a time whe they no longer throw off any brine. They are then ready for 'sorting'-that is, for separation according to size and at full length upon the ground. In le quality. All that are perfect-of proper color and free from scratches, spots and other blemishes-are called 'selec ed;' the rest 'culls.' The various sizes are known according to their weight to pluety to the kilo.

"After 'sorting,' the olives are then out back into the casks, the bungs iriven in, and the whole is ready for hipment to the American importer.' "Do you begin to pack as soon as they

arrive in New York?" was the next leading question. "No, indeed! The long ocean voyage affects olives as much as it does human beings. They generally succumb to 'seasickness' en route-that is, we find them a some stage of fermentation on arrival, which requires our con-

stant care until they recover.' "Doesn't this 'seasickness,' as yo call it, impair the quality in any way?" "Not at all. It only makes the olive man feel the burden of his responsibilities. In every stage of fermentation there is a critical moment when be must exercise the greatest care and caution. If the olives recover, they are really much improved in quality. If they don't, they are hopelessly ruined. There is no intermediate condition."-

Arco Special. The Ameer and the English. The late ameer of Afghanistan was one of the shrewdest and strongest

men of his time. When the amount of the British subsidy was being fixed with him, it was explained that be must do this and that and the other. 'You remind me." said the ameer. "of Persian tale. A certain man took a plece of cloth to a tailor and said, Make me a morning dress out of it and an evening dress and, while I think of it, a working coat.' The tailor did his best and brought them all as he was told. But they were of doll's size. What more could be do with the cloth?" The ameer was not a great admirer of the British system of government. On one occasion a very high personage was conferring with him and said in relation to some matter, "That is a very grave question, and I must refer it to her majesty's government." The meer, who did not clearly distinguish the parts of the British constitution, replied: "When you ask me a question am able to answer at once; when I aşk you one you say you must first

ask 700 other gentlemen. I prefer our

Afghan way of doing business.

New South Wales Sheep. The first sheep imported into New outh Wales arrived in the year 1788, when a flock of twenty-nine Indian sheep were brought from Calcutta. They were not a very promising lot, small and unsightly, having large heads, Roman noses, drooping ears, narrow chests and shoulders, with high curved backs and very long legs; having, moreover, coarse and frequently black wool mixed with hair, the latter In the form of pencocks. By one of the preponderating." They throve marvelously, and, being judiciously crossed with sheep of a better stamp imported, huge clock face, indicated on the grass from England, the hair gradually dis- by figures grown in golden yew. A appeared and gave place to a fleece. The first consignment of wool from Australia to England arrived in 1800, motto in golden yew: "Light and shade the shipment weighing 245 pounds.

Major General Forrester Williams fel into disgrece with the Federal commander owing to some descriptions of

battles which he reported. After one of these articles had appeared he met Sheridan, who remarked:

Sheridan and the Reporter

During the early part of General Phil

Sheridan's operations in 1864 against

the Confederate forces under General

Jubal Early in the Shenandonh valley

"So you have been making fun of me in your blanked newspaper!"

"Fun, gereral?" "Yes. You told all about those confounded ambulances and paid no sort of respect to the commander of the

army in which you are suffered to "There was no exaggeration in my tory, sir. You must admit that."

got to stop. You are ordered to leave "Well, general, you have just been

nilitary department. Even if I go back to New York I shall still be within the nes of your command." "Oh, go 'o the old boy if you like, I don't care where you go!" cried Sheri-

made commander of the United States

To which the reporter replied, "All right, general, but I am afraid I shall not be out of your department even with his Satunic majesty."

Horses and mules are, or at one time were, made to play a curious part in he fishing operations of South Amer an Indians who eat the gymnotus or lectric gel. Humboldt was told that it was their custom to force horses to enter the pends in which these eels lived, and when the fish had exhausted on the mals their ability for the time being to inflict a shock the fishermen caught from risk themselves. The more excited and angry the electric eel, the

violent is the shock it inflicts. Humboldt saw this curious fishing on one occasion: "A troop of horses and mules was driven into the water and prevented from coming out by the indians, who crowded round the pool. The eels, stunned and confused by the noise of the horses, defended them-selves by the repeated discharge of their batteries. For a long time they seemed likely to gain the victory over quency and force of the electric shocks, to disappear under the water. Some of the horses rose again and in spite of the vigilance of the Indians gained the shore, exhausted with fatigue, and their limbs being benumbed by the electric commotions they stretched themselves

Some people wear their eyeglasses or spectacles to bed, for the simple reason that they cannot sleep without them on: at least that's what ab optician says, and he ought to know. for confessions were recently made to him upon the point. A woman had repeatedly come to him with the bows of her speciacles so badly twisted she ever manged to get them in such a state. He says that he had visions of some childish bands having a part

in the work, some little one that liked to play with mamma's glasses. But the woman said that she had been wearing glasses so much of recent years that finally she had taken to wearing them to bed as the only way of getting to sleep. She said that it that she had had any trouble from the to keep the front part of her face off the pillow; but lately she must have

bad bad sleep, with more or less night-Of his customers be has two who have been addicted to this habit of wearing glasses to bed, both for the same reasons. Imagine some people trying to wear glasses to bed and the conditions of things in the morning.— Boston Herald.

Popping With a Pine.

Among the Tchulinu Tartars a curious mode of "popping the question" is reported. The Tchulian Coelebs in search of a wife, having filled a brand new pipe with fragrant tobacco. stealthily enters the dwelling of the fair one upon whom he has bestowed his affections, deposits the pipe upon a conspicuous article of furniture and retires on tiptoe to some convenient hiding place in the neighborhood, local etiquette requiring that he should execute this strategic movement apparently undetected by the damsel of his choice or any member of her family.

Presently he returns without further affectation of secrecy and looks into the apartments in a casual sort of way. A single glance at the pipe he left behind him enables him to learn the fate of his proposal.

If it has been smoked, he goes forth an accepted and exultant bridegroom; if not, the offer of his hand and heart has been so irrevocably rejected as not to be worth even a pipe of tobacco.

A curiously whimsical idea has been

carried out in an English garden at the suggestion of Mrs. Rothschild. Yews clipped in the old world formal fashion of two centuries ago stand by the walks and fountains, two cut in the form of a table and armchair and two fountains stands a quaint sundial. The shadow of a tall tree falls upon a beart shaped bed marks each corner. and beyond the figures there is this by turns, but love always."

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sales a success, and prompt atten-tion will be given to all correspond ence and to all business entrusted

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